

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Couper.



INSIDE BARONS DASSETT.

## THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

CHAPTER IX.—FAITHFUL GREGORY.

"My dear creature!" cried Miss Trigg, hysterically. "This is friendship!" solemnly sighed Honoria, returning her embrace. "I merely hinted that your coming would be soothing—merely hinted; I left something for friendship to do, and I knew I should not be disappointed."

"You couldn't suppose that I would be so cold-hearted as to want asking," said Miss Trigg. "Indeed,

love, you *must* be calm; no wonder you look pale and are agitated, but you must keep calm. How is dear Mr. Presgrave? and how does he bear the blow?"

"You know his firmness," said Honoria.

"Noble spirit!" said Miss Trigg, admiringly.

"He fears nothing, neither do I; but it is the baseness of human nature that affects me so deeply!" said Honoria, with much pathos.

"I cannot allow it, love; this sensitive heart of yours will destroy you; you must still yourself, you

must, indeed!" said Miss Trigg, in a tenderly authoritative tone.

"Miss Trigg!" said Michael, entering rather unexpectedly upon them. "Very kind of you to come, Miss Trigg," he added. "How did you leave our good friend at Fothergill?"

There was something in the demeanour, voice, and person of Michael Presgrave that gave a death-blow to the pathetic. Miss Trigg's heights and depths of feelings came level in a moment, and she involuntarily returned his salutation in as natural a tone as that in which it was uttered, though she made a few inflections as she added,—

"I am commissioned by my brother Banaster to say how shocked and astonished he is at what has happened."

"Nothing has happened, only threatened," said Michael, rather bluntly.

"No, I meant threatened," said Miss Trigg, a little discomposed.

"So he is shocked?" said Michael.

What a change a slight alteration of expression will make! Just as a hair's breadth turn of the spiked fescue under Mr. Banaster's microscope made it present a totally new face, so did Michael's putting Miss Trigg's assertion into the form of a question convict her to herself of a breach of the truth.

And the worst of Michael was that he never asked a question without meaning to have an answer, so he stood twinkling his little grey eyes at her till she had satisfied him.

Now the reader knows very well, upon Mr. Banaster's own authority, that he was neither shocked nor astonished at what had happened; but, having got into the mire, Miss Trigg, like many more, saw nothing for it but to get out of it by passing straight through it; for she had no mind to confess to a falsehood to one she so highly regarded, so she confirmed her statement, defying conscience.

"And astonished, is he?" asked Michael.

"How could he be otherwise?" said Miss Trigg, trying to compromise this second conviction by an evasion.

"I didn't think he would be astonished," replied Michael; "the young man has some show of claim, for he is near of kin, and it was supposed my cousin Gayton meant to make a will in his favour, which would not have been necessary if he had been heir-at-law, you see. He is foolish to come forward, and his claim won't stand, even if he makes it; but I am glad Mr. Banaster feels so strongly about it; he may interfere with the young man's friend Mr. Keriol to prevent his proceeding."

"My brother Banaster, Mr. Presgrave, is, I grieve to say it, *tame*; unlike you, he has no spirit; he would bear to be trampled upon rather than stand up for his rights."

"Yes, he's a quiet man," said Michael, thoughtfully.

"But he believes that the ungrateful, base young fellow will suffer for his behaviour," said Miss Trigg, fathering her own feelings and convictions most unscrupulously on Mr. Banaster.

"What; lose his trouble? Well, he will be but in the same place then that he is in now," said Michael.

"Not in the same place, Mr. Presgrave; he will have lost your good opinion, and that of all the worthy and excellent," said Miss Trigg, with emphatic dignity.

"Mr. Banaster does not mean to interfere about it, I suppose. He knows it's idle nonsense. Does he often see Mr. Keriol?"

Miss Trigg remembered the vision of Keriol on the stairs as she was escaping from the black-and-brown moth, and told him he had paid Fothergill a visit that very morning.

"Ha!" exclaimed Michael; "you were not present, perhaps?"

"I! no; they were in Mr. Banaster's private room; his *menagerie*, I call it," said Miss Trigg, with a shudder.

Michael, after a few more interrogatories, finding he could get nothing new out of Miss Trigg, and suspecting her of over-statements already, left the room.

"What a wonderful man he is!" cried Miss Trigg, turning to Honoria, who had been sitting in silent contemplation on the sofa: not contemplation on the deeply affecting baseness of human nature, nor on any kindred subject, but on the make of Miss Trigg's dress, which was entirely new to her, and struck her as both elegant and becoming.

The lark wearies at last of its spiral flight and sinks to earth for rest; so was it with the sympathies of Honoria. She passed for repose from moral ethics to dressmaking, and determined to make Miss Stitches alter the trimming of her last dress to the exact pattern of Miss Trigg's. So, when Miss Trigg cried, "What a wonderful man he is!" she answered, somewhat abstractedly, "Yes, very wonderful."

"He is quite unmoved—as firm as a rock!" said Miss Trigg.

"Yes," sighed Honoria, graduating the sigh to an approach to serenity, and adding, "That's a sweet thing in trimmings, dear, where did you get it?"

And, surprising as it may appear, the conduct of Alan Stapylton, and Mr. Presgrave's magnanimity, went off like a dissolving view into an animated discussion on trimmings, and the comparative merits of Miss Stitches and Madame La Mode.

Michael was not so grateful as he should have been for Miss Trigg's admiration. His face went into a pucker of disgust and contempt as he passed through the old hall to the back entrance which led to the various offices.

When it came to the additional infliction of Miss Trigg's company, he always doubted whether Honoria's money was worth the penalty he paid for it.

Opening the heavy door, he stood at the top of the flight of broad, shallow, well-worn steps which went down into the ample yard, and looked around to see if he could espy Mr. Banaster's carriage.

But the yard was empty. An old man was stacking wood in a compartment of it, the door of which was now open.

"Gregory!" he cried, once or twice; for Gregory, being hard of hearing, did not answer the first time.

"What brought Miss Trigg?" he asked, when the old man came forth.

"Mr. Banaster's carriage," said Gregory.

"Where is it?" asked Michael.

"Gone back," said Gregory.

A look of dismay passed over Michael's face.

"When is it coming again?" he asked.

"In a few days, thought I heard 'em say," said Gregory.

The cloud grew darker, and Michael turned short, and went back to the house.

"Thought she was not quite so welcome as May flowers," said Gregory to himself, with a little sniggering laugh. "Well, well, one old woman at a time is enough for him that's got no hanging to company of any kind."

Just as he had finished his soliloquy, and was going back to his work, Michael returned.

"Gregory!"

The old man turned round to wait for an explanation of the summons.

"You must keep a sharp look-out to-day. I expect a fellow will be here to serve a notice on me. Don't let him into the yard," said Michael.

"What sort of a fellow?" asked Gregory, with a look of surprise. If he had asked what he wanted to know, he would have said, "What sort of a notice?" but he knew his place, blunt as he was, so he merely demanded information needful for the discharge of his duty.

"A lawyer's clerk, most probably," said Michael.

"Oh, then, a ill-looking fellow he's bound to be," said Gregory, who had very unpleasant impressions of all persons connected with that learned profession, from the judge in his robes to the lowest official in an attorney's office.

"Any suspicious-looking person you will keep out," said Michael. "I don't wish to be teased with such nonsense at present. You can mention that I shall not be to be seen for some days. Perhaps I am busy, perhaps I am ill—perhaps—you understand me? Answer through the wicket, and keep him out," said Michael, once more entering the house, and closing the door behind him.

"Answer through the wicket, and keep him out—this ill-looking fellow of a lawyer's clerk. Yes, I understand, and I'll do it with all the pleasure in life; but as to saying you're ill (without it's of Miss Trigg), I can't say that—not even for you." So, shouldering the timber stick he carried with something of a martial air, he made again for the wood-yard. He had hardly gained it, when a slight noise made him look through the crack of the door, and, to his surprise, two gentlemen, well mounted, pushed open the gates and rode into the yard.

"Now, that comes of trusting!" he exclaimed. "Watty promised me he'd make the gates good when he went off for the coals, and how was I to know he'd leave 'em in that fashion? Well! whoever they are, they're not lawyer's clerks in looks, and I must hope the best—that their looks don't belie 'em."

They were conversing together, and seemed much interested in the place, which they were surveying from all points, apparently without greatly admiring it. Espying the old man, who had advanced to the doorway, they rode up to him, and the elder of the two thus accosted him:—

"Good day, friend. This is Barons Dasset, I presume, occupied by Mr. Presgrave?"

Gregory took a somewhat deliberate look at him before he answered, "Barons Dasset! yes; everybody for miles round could have told you that, and Mr. Presgrave is owner on it."

"Is he here now?" inquired the horseman.

"He was awhile ago," said Gregory, taking a second particular look at the gentleman behind.

"Then he has just left the place?" asked the rider.

"Left the yard," said Gregory; "he's in the house, to the best of my knowledge."

"You can hold our horses?—there seem to be no men about. Have you no servants?" asked the rider.

"Maybe they're gone a hunting," said Gregory, quite gravely.

"There's not much appearance of hunters and hunting here," said the rider, looking with a shrug of his shoulders round the desolate, grass-grown yard.

"We do get hunters here sometimes," said the old man, drily. "If you want to see master, I'll go and say there's company, and then come back and hold your horses. What name is to be given?"

"Strangers—entire strangers," said the horseman.

While he, very deliberately, went on his errand, they took note of all around, and seemed less pleased the longer they looked.

Gregory returned with a serene air, and was ready to take the horses.

"Queer work you've had here!" he exclaimed, lifting up the foot of one of the horses; "I doubt if he'd have carried you much further."

"He has dropped lame some time," said the horseman; "the shoe was put on by a bungling fellow, half asleep, last night. I'm afraid he has seriously hurt him."

Gregory examined the foot in a scientific manner, and shook his head as he enlarged with eloquence on the injury.

"Well, we must manage as we can. I suppose there's a 'vet.' to be had about here, as you deal in hunters," said the rider, rather sneeringly.

"I'm vet.," said Gregory; "master never employs nobody but me."

Finding, or suspecting rather, that the old man was bantering him, the rider demanded the way to the entrance.

"Entrance!" cried Gregory; "we've got so many. Which would you fancy to go in at? There's big front and little front, and big back and little back, and one or two at the sides."

"At the principal entrance," said the rider, getting offended at Gregory's familiarity.

"Big front?" inquired the old man.

"Yes, yes," the rider impatiently replied.

"We always keep that locked up," said Gregory; "it's such a work to undo all the bars, and bolts, and chains, we should want all our men and as many more for the job."

"Very good; then the entrance your master's company usually go in at. Where is that?"

"Company! oh, company mostly chooses for themselves. There's Miss Trigg; she's here just at this present, and she went in—I'm sure I can't say where she went in; but somewhere it must have been, for she's in now."

"My man, you seem to take the privilege of old age to be witty, or, as I should call it, impertinent," said the rider, haughtily. "I wish to know the way into the house. We have been kept here in the cold full twenty minutes, listening to your chattering, which I consider very much out of place."

"Twenty minutes! no, it's never twenty minutes," said Gregory, affecting great surprise.

"We have been in this yard twenty-five minutes precisely," said the younger rider, looking at his watch, and speaking for the first time.

"Well, to be sure! how time do fly in pleasant company; but if it's twenty-five minutes, and you



must go, why, if you'll just go up that court, see, by side of the building, where I went up but now, you'll get to the front face of the house, and then you can go in at the first door that opens to your knocking."

In no very amiable mood, apparently, the elder led the way, and the other followed.

"I think the fox is off safe by now," said Gregory, as he watched them up the court. "What do they want to come hunting here for? I believe they are lawyers after all."

Well aware that they would not be long away, he amused himself by a particular inspection of the horses and their fittings, and was still busy with the lame foot when they returned.

"You told us Mr. Presgrave was at home," said the elder rider, advancing to him with rapid strides.

"Ay, I did," said Gregory.

"At the house they say he is *not* at home."

"Then he's sure to be out," said Gregory, unmoved.

"Was he out when you went to the house?" inquired the elder visitor.

"Dear sir, how can I tell who's inside a big house like this when I'm outside it?" said the old man, innocently.

"The woman doesn't know when he will return, she says."

"Women never knows to any purpose," said Gregory.

"I believe you purposely sent us on a fool's errand," said the angry rider, remounting his horse.

"Sure, sir, I never sent you on any errand but your own," said Gregory.

"It's waste of time to talk to this fellow. The woman said he had gone across the fields on foot. We *must* overtake him. Save your horse till we find a vet. I'll go after him." So saying, he rode quickly out of the yard, his companion following him on foot, leading his lame horse.

Gregory leant on the wicket in the gate, and watched them with grave satisfaction till they were out of sight; then, locking the wicket, and barring the gate, took his way to the place where he knew his master was to be found.

This was a carpenter's workshop in the heart of a small coppice, where Michael spent many an hour in amusing himself with a turning lathe, sometimes purely for amusement's sake, sometimes to hide himself from disagreeable visitors. From visitors he had ceased to be obliged to hide; but in the beginning of his occupation of Dasset he had escaped many an intrusion by using this secret refuge.

Gregory was warmly attached to him, notwithstanding his eccentricities, and seemed able to penetrate into some worth in his character through the thick crust that hid it from others.

"All right, they're off," he exclaimed, as he entered.

"Off, are they? I'll keep them off as long as I can; when I go from this place it shall be of my own free will, and not to please lawyers," said Michael, grimly smiling.

"You shall never go, nor do, to please nobody but yourself, master, while I'm here to obey your orders," said Gregory.

"They may come when I'm at home," said Michael; "if I knew when they'd come, I'd be here."

"Leave it to me, master," said Gregory; "if they catch you, never trust me again. They're clean off."

I told the girl to send them across the field after you, and they're a pull on the wrong road by this time."

"They may come back," said Michael.

"I don't believe they will," said Gregory; "but I've barred the gates, so there'll be plenty of warning."

Michael looked demurringly for a short time, but Gregory was not satisfied that he should remain in the cold damp shop, which had not been lately used, any longer. "You'll please remember the rheumatics," he said, in a warning tone.

"Greg., I can see one thing, that this business will bring a good deal of trouble to me."

"We won't *let it in*," said Gregory, touched by the distress he saw in his master's face.

"The fear is we cannot keep it out. A question has been raised that will bring half a dozen others with as much appearance of right. If I could see the end of it, I wouldn't mind; but I don't see it—can't see it—it will end only with my life, I believe."

As Mr. Presgrave said this, slowly and with vexed perplexity, Gregory surveyed him with a musing air; and when he went out to return home, walking thoughtfully, and constantly looking up as the dry wood crackled, or the dead leaves rustled beneath his feet, to catch the sound of horses' hoofs, the old serving man thought within himself, "What's the difference between a great man and a little one? Here's the great one fuller of troubles than his pocket's full of money; and here's me, the little man, with *his* clothes on my back, *his* food to eat, and *his* wages my all; why, I've got no more cares than the swallows that builds in the stable eaves."

As he thus ruminated, following Michael through the coppice, the queer outline of Dasset appeared in view, and Gregory wondered in himself what should make any one so hungry for such a heap of cares!

Gregory was of the same age as his master, and in their boyhood they had been playmates together. Michael's father had acted as one to him, for his parents had left him an orphan in early childhood.

As they grew up they naturally were divided by the circumstances attending their different ranks in life, but Gregory always considered himself attached to Michael's person and fortune, and became his servant as soon as he kept one. Michael had known reverses. Now poor, now rich, now poor again, it was not until a few years before his succeeding to Dasset that he had a firmly fixed fortune through the death of an uncle.

It had mattered nothing to Gregory whether he was rich or poor, he had never left him. When they quitted a moderately good house, and a very simple way of living, to come to Dasset, he thought they were taking a great deal of trouble to make themselves very uncomfortable, but it was no business of his; where his master went he would go, and make the best of it, as he had done before time, and meant to do to the end.

#### CHAPTER X.—GREGORY ON GUARD.

"GREGORY," said Mr. Presgrave, as they emerged from the coppice, "those men will surely come again."

"Well?" said Gregory.

"There is no use in shirking them. Tell them I see no one on business; if their errand is business, they must apply to my solicitor. I will give you his card, and you can settle them."



"With all the pleasure in life," said Gregory.  
"Tell them I'm not at all concerned in the matter; say that I—I—I laugh at it, I—you know what I mean."

"As well as if you had told me," said Gregory. "When we get home I'll go back to the yard. They can't come farther than the wicket, for I bolted the gates and barred them. They wouldn't have got in this morning only through Watty."

"I shall keep in the house to-day, till they have been regularly sent off; I hate the sight of a lawyer," said Michael.

"There's a unpleasantness in the looks of 'em when you know 'em to be such," said Gregory; "but only for your saying so, I shouldn't have told they were any ways objectionable. They had parchmenty faces, and the tall one had a screw of the nose when he was affronted; but they were likely men enough in the general way, and their horses were in good order and well got up, only the one poor beast was lamed by a shoe that didn't fit."

Michael seemed hardly to hear Gregory's essay on the unwelcome guests. He hurried on till he had reached the house, telling him he would himself bring him the address into the yard.

Gregory acquiesced and returned to the wood-yard, whose open door commanded a view of the wicket. Michael speedily appeared with the card, and as speedily retreated when he heard a horse approaching.

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Gregory, "and that's the way he laughs at it! Well, well! but I must go to the wicket."

"What's wanted?" he cried, unbuttoning the little grating and looking through.

"Servant, sir," said a man. "I suppose you're not in want of a book to pass the time pleasant and profitable?"

"Then if you suppose right, what then?" asked Gregory.

"But I am wrong, perhaps; I hope you will let me show you some books I can strongly recommend, and I think you will never repent dealing with me."

"That's just what the travelling shoemaker said that I bought my last shoes of, and, for all his thoughts, I've repented dealing with him ever since," said Gregory.

"Don't judge of me by him," said the man, "I'll keep my word and serve you well."

"Very good, but 'taste and try before you buy,' that's a safe plan when you can go on it. Let us look at your books; I'm given to reading, it's a weakness of mine, and if you've got anything very special I don't say I won't deal with you, on reasonable terms, we'll say."

"I never ask for any other terms, master, and I'll fetch some books directly from my pack, unless you'll let me bring my pony into the yard, then you can see the whole lot."

"Into the yard?" said Gregory, laying his face sideways, first on the right and then on the left upon the grating, and looking up and down the road beyond; "no, not without he can come in at this wicket. I'll undo that, but I can't—not convenient—unbar the gates."

The man said the wicket was not wide enough to admit the pony with the two large panniers he carried, so he would fetch some samples. He speedily returned and showed some very brilliantly bound volumes in gay colours and plenty of gilding.

"Not any ways suitable to me," said Gregory; "never took to fine clothes myself, and always expect to find a fool under 'em when I see 'em on others."

"I can show you as plain as you like," said the man, smiling, and exhibiting some more sober-looking.

"Ay, that's more after the rate. Let me see," said Gregory, putting on his spectacles and opening the wicket to receive them—"let me see, have you got ever a 'Pilgrim's Progress'?"

"Ay, plenty; all prices almost," said the man.

"That's the book for my money, only I've got one," said Gregory; and he took up one copy after another, criticising each as he turned over its pages.

"This one with pictures, two shillings?"

"Yes, and cheap as dirt," said the man.

"Dirt's very cheap; this, as you may say, *isn't*," said Gregory.

"Not cheap! why, look what a strong binding, look at that first picture; why, the getting up is worth the money."

"Don't now—don't talk in that random way, as if you was making me a present of the book, and I paid for nought but the *kiver*. Tell the truth man, and I'll tell the truth; I've seen dearer bargains—my shoes for one—and I've seen cheaper. What do you say to this now? I don't believe you'll get one to match it in your trotting shop yonder."

So saying, he took from his pocket a small book bound in calf, the leaves being discoloured with age and worn with much reading.

"Here's a bargain!" he added, reading the title-page: "'A garden of spiritual flowers, planted by many hands, yielding a sweet smelling savour in the nostrils of each true hearted Christian. London, printed for Robert Bird, dwelling at the signe of the Bible, in St. Lawrence Lane. 1638.'"

The man shook his head, saying he might carry a cart-load of books like that about for a month and never sell one.

"Why, you don't know what's in it, or you'd never say that," answered Gregory; "I tell you it teaches everything complete—how to live well and how to die well, how to pray and what to pray for, how to get peace and how to keep it."

"You get all that best in the Bible," said the man.

"You sure don't take me for a callow bird? d'ye think I don't know that? Tell me what you've got among that jauntily lot that's worth having that didn't come out of the Bible?" As Gregory said this he pointed to the gaily gilded volumes that lay on the turf.

"That's true enough," said the man; "they've got better ways of making books on Bible truths than they had in those days."

"That's as folks may think," said Gregory. "Let every man praise the bridge that's carried him safe over. This book I bought at a stall for threepence (having nought to pay for its clothes, you see), and it's served me with as pretty reading ever since as I'd wish to have." As he spoke he opened the leaves of the "Garden" in one or two places where they were folded down, and looked very lovingly on them.

"Cheap, indeed!" said the man; "but this 'Pilgrim'—only two shillings; I'm sure the reading can't beat good John Bunyan's, and just look at the first picture!"

Gregory put his "Garden" into his pocket and took the volume. "Well—two shillings—it's not a book to turn away, that's sure."

"You've got one, though, you say," remarked the man, "so will you have the 'Holy War,' or—"

"No, no; thank you the same; no, I'll have this or none; it's not for my own reading, and maybe the pictures will carry it down with them as I mean it for; so, two shillings is it to be?"

"That's the price."

"The price to ask; what's the price to take?"

"I'm ordered to keep to the price," said the man.

"Oh, selling for a master?"

"Yes, I am but a servant, and I am ordered to keep to the prices, so I can't oblige you," said the man.

"Certainly not," said Gregory, taking out a shiny leather bag, and producing two shillings.

"You see I can't give what doesn't belong to me," said the man, "being but a servant; I'm going round for the person the books belong to."

"I'd never ask you," said Gregory, who looked at him musingly.

"It's very unpleasant travelling now, so cold and bleak," said the man, packing up his books. "I think I shall give up the work before winter."

"Timely weather for the season," said Gregory.

"It's slow work walking by the pony," said the man.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Gregory, who thought he was making slow work of taking away his goods, and felt less drawing to him every minute.

"And never a house where you can get a drop of beer at for all the miles I've walked this day," said the man.

"You don't say so?" said Gregory, with the wicket all but closed, and his hand on the bolt.

"You seem to be head man here," said the man.

"Ay, I am," said Gregory.

"You might give me a pint or so maybe; I'd make you a present of a book (of my own) that I've got here."

"I can't give what doesn't belong to me, I'm *only a servant*," said Gregory. "If I was sure you'd read it, and bring it back again, I'd lend you my 'Garden,' and show you a place with 'five rows of precepts for the ordering of a Christian life; there you'd see how saying and doing should go together.'"

He shut the wicket hastily as he spoke, for he heard horses, and concluded that his former visitors were returning.

"Now," he thought, "I didn't like the looks of that fellow from the first, for all he was in a good trade and fair spoken, and had a smiling face. I doubt I've paid dear for my book; but, never mind, it's what I wanted, and a shilling more or less won't difference my happiness, so there!"

He put his leather bag into his pocket, folded his purchase in the corner of the ample shawl he wore round his throat, and thrust it into his bosom.

He had scarcely fastened the grating when a loud knocking at the wicket brought him back to it.

As he suspected, the two horsemen had returned.

"Is your master at home now?" demanded the elder of them.

"At home?" asked Gregory, looking through the grating.

"Ay, has he returned?"

"Returned? He's been nowhere away, has he?" said Gregory.

"My good fellow, I don't know whether you are daft, or whether you wish us to think you are. We have very pressing business on which we *must* see

Mr. Presgrave; and if he knew who we were, he would be as anxious to see us as we are to see him."

"You've been to the vet., I see," said Gregory, looking down at the lame horse's foot before he replied to the speaker. Then, turning to him, he said, "Maybe that's the case; so, if you'll give me your names, I'll just go and tell master, and see the effects it takes of him."

"We prefer introducing ourselves," was the reply.

"Ay, that's where it is," said Gregory, shaking his head.

"Tell him what we say—that two persons whom he will be really interested in seeing are here. Go, man, and tell him," said the elder stranger, impatiently.

"What's the good?" said Gregory; "he can see you now from the window; he's been looking at you this long time; and if he'd liked the looks of you, he'd have come down by this."

"Amazing!" said the angry rider, turning to his companion.

"There's many 'mazing things in this world. One of 'em is how gentlemen like you should like to come in where you're not wanted."

"Your master, good man, is under a mistake," said the one on the lame horse.

"He's like to keep there, sir; the bigger the mistake, the harder it'll be to fetch him from under it; he's wonderful positive about keeping to his own thoughts on things."

"What makes him shut himself up so?" asked the last speaker, who was younger, and seemed more patient than the other, and inclined to be amused with Gregory.

"Just his own free will, which makes all the difference in the pleasantness of it. If so be it was by the will of other people, he'd take it hard; there's the contrariness of human nature."

"It's best to humour this fellow," whispered the speaker to his companion, who had gone some paces off, and seemed inclined to quit the field. Then returning to the wicket, he added, "We are giving you a deal of trouble, for which we are very sorry; but it really is so important that we should have an interview with Mr. Presgrave, that we feel obliged to make every effort possible, and I assure you we will pay you handsomely for your loss of time."

"Very handsome of you," said Gregory; "but I hav'n't got any time to lose, being as it all belongs to my master."

"You're an honest fellow, and your master may be thankful to have you in his service," said the rider.

"Hope he is," said Gregory; "but thankfulness doesn't come easy to the best of us."

"Now, let me recommend you, as an attached friend of your master (which I see you are), to obtain admittance for us. I assure you we have been round to several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and nowhere else have we been so uncivilly treated. We allow for Mr. Presgrave's eccentricities; but there ought to be some limits."

"Ask your pardon, sir; what was it you allowed for?" said Gregory.

"Your master's eccentricities—oddities," said the rider.

"Ah, them oddities is very awkward things to deal with. Bad tempers is bad to handle, and there's a many difficulties besides that's puzzling to patience;

but oddities beats 'em all; there's no knowing where to have 'em," said Gregory, looking quite philosophical.

"But you, who know they are but oddities, and have a regard for him, let me recommend you to go to him and say that two strangers on particular business——"

"He gave me a straight message to say he wouldn't see any one on business," said Gregory.

"But his seeing us will save him an immense deal of expense and trouble," said the speaker.

"But you can't save a man against his will. I tell you he's no more to be seen now than a swallow at Christmas. You must take your business, whatever it is, to this direction" (here Gregory took the card from his pocket), "and leave it there; master will have nought to do with it."

On receiving the card, the young man rejoined his companion, and again they conferred in whispers.

"Can't you make it out? it's fair print," said Gregory.

"I assure you, my good fellow, your master is under a mistake about us. Let me beg—We are merely——"

"If the card won't do, I'm sorry; that was the outside of my orders; so here's wishing you a very good day, gentlemen." Then buttoning the shutter, he went to the wood-yard to reconnoitre the pertinacious visitors through a loophole in the wall.

"Good, now!" he exclaimed. "There they go. I never cared so much to see the backs of folks whose faces weren't a hap'orth of signification to me before!"

## A WALK IN SOUTH DEVON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

V.

FROM Dartmouth you have eastward the choice of the railway and the grand old coast road. I have tried both, and, unless the weather be very hot, pronounce for the coast to Teignmouth. It is a lovely walk, though the comfort of an easy tramp (I carried my knapsack) is somewhat marred by a foolish consciousness of being out of trim for the smart villas and smart people one meets, let alone the dressy Torquay. The genuine walking tourist, with his belongings on his back, utterly independent and lighthearted, is a very rare animal in these parts. I was taken for a pedlar at a little wayside shop, where I called for a bottle of ginger beer. "No, my man," said the lady of the house, shrilly, over her shoulder—"no, my man, we don't want anything here."

It is a great help to one's powers to walk by the seaside, especially when bay succeeds bay, and headlands show themselves in changing shape and lights. The sea is a companion ever fresh, ever sure. And I shall always think with pleasure upon my walk eastward along the coast from Dartmouth. We (for I was not alone) first took a row boat across Dartmouth harbour, and followed our noses through Brixham, which is such as to exercise that organ, for it smells, being a brisk fishing place. It lives, moreover, in liberal history, as being the scene of the first landing of William III. Archæologists, too, or rather palæontologists, have some of their freshest

sentiments touched up by a mere mention of the "Brixham Caves."

You soon get into Torbay, round Berry Head, from Brixham, and skirt the sea to Torquay, passing by Paignton, where there is a station. I know I am a great heretic not to admire Torquay enough. I grant you it is well-placed, beautiful, fashionable, and full of soft health-giving air to the weak-lunged; and yet I was glad to get away from it, and next time I come to these parts shall be pleased to make no sojourn in the place at all. I'm not sure, though, that instead of taking the train to Teignmouth, we ought not to have got out at Torquay, and followed the coast road by Babbicombe Bay and Ansties Cove, as I did some time before. This is an excellent piece of shore, and although it can be made the subject of an excursion from Teignmouth, it comes conveniently on the road from Torquay. Babbicombe Bay, however, is so famed for its scenery, that, like many beauties, it has been spoilt; flattery being written upon it in characters so gross that a regular fringe of villas, etc., etc., etc., accompanies the fringe of earth and sea. It is a pity, perhaps, yet I hardly think so. There are lots of places where it would be very inconvenient to erect a dwelling, and where the retired beauties of nature may be sought for in their virgin seclusion. But to say that houses should not crowd along such a coast as that between Torquay and Teignmouth, to condemn the result as vulgar and obtrusive, is to say that, in truth, vulgar people have the finest tastes. Where there is an undeniably grand view, with road, rail, and water handy, let us hope that the greatest number will enjoy it, whether they come for the day or live by the year.

Whether you get to Teignmouth by train or turnpike, you will visit Ansties Cove, where the cliffs shine as if they were varnished, and ivy creeps as if it had got hold of an old abbey instead of a rock. Here is a lovely white beach. Altogether, Ansties Cove would not be so bad a place for mermaids if it were not for the quarries in the neighbourhood, and the unsentimental presence of a succession of picnic parties.

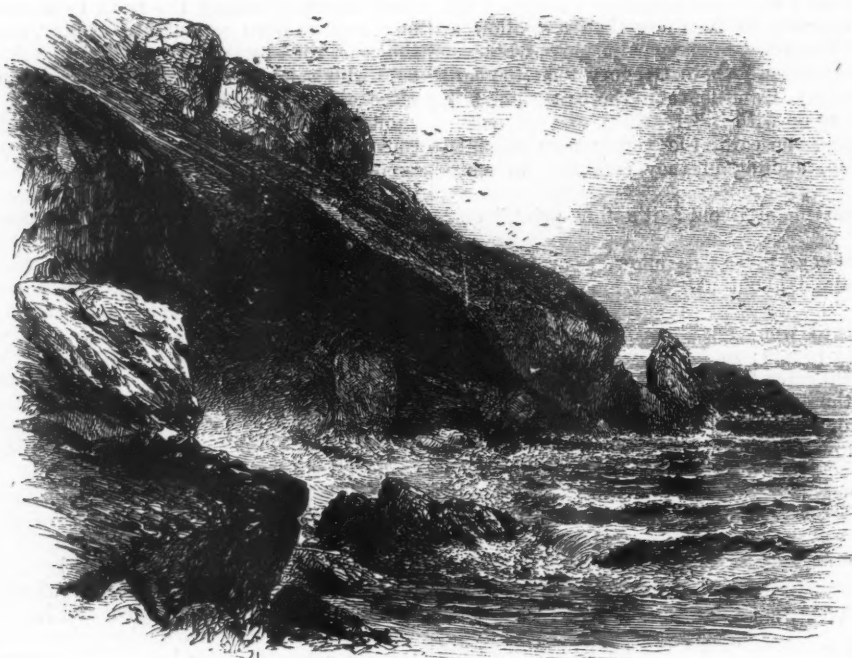
For people who go in for the established regulation seaside holiday, I don't know where, on this coast, they could find better scope than at Teignmouth. There are inland waters in which to boat, a long promenade, a wide grass plot and a grand beach, with such excursions as that to Ansties Cove close by, and the Great Western Railway always ready at the back door. I like it better than Dawlish, where the houses stand sideways to the sea, facing one another across a common lawn. But there is one drawback at Teignmouth, which ought to be mentioned: many of the lodging-houses are too far off from the beach (though they look over blue water) to enjoy that very close delicious plunge and drawl of the waves upon the shingle which "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care" like sleep, in many a weary soul that flies to perch for rest from constant toil upon the very edge of the sounding sea.

Still here the lodgings certainly looked towards the sea. There is another advantage of Teignmouth over Dawlish. The railroad does not run between you and the beach. Now at Dawlish, where we stayed a little while, putting up at the Railway Hotel, this insertion of steam whistles and rumbling wheels between your window and the waves was not always pleasant. Especially it was not so one night



when the most monstrous train in the world must have passed that station. I suppose that the skin which grows over your senses while you are asleep must have become then very thin, for never was I so conscious of noise. It seemed—I lay with my window open towards the sea—as if the whole powers of steam had gathered to that place, and were about performing the heaviest task imaginable. I seemed to hear the process beginning, the train approaching from afar off, so far that I marked the pulsations

varied specialities of the town, one of which I have alluded to—the fact of there being boating on the Teign, which, by the way, is crossed by one of the longest bridges I ever saw in my life. There is another in the walk by the South Devon Railway, upon the masonry of which the waves dash at a high and windy tide, sending their spray against the windows of the train, and making a very tunnel of salt water when there is a shrewd storm beating on the stones.



ANSTIES COVE.

of the chief engine for many long minutes before it drew nigh. And when it did draw nigh, the accumulating uproar of its advance increased in such startling proportion even to the speed of its approach, that the whole inn, station, and watering-place itself seemed at last to be ground like sand beneath its wheels. But the engine was, apparently, nothing to the train which it drew. As I lay, half sleeping, half scared, crushed beneath the monster, there seemed to follow it a train which reached beyond conjecture. Evidently South Devon itself was on the move, then Cornwall and the Scilly Islands; Ireland formed the next portion of the train, while the rear was simply out of sight. The noise of this train, the time it took to pass, the way in which it shook the inn and made the washing-jugs chatter in their stands, is one of my liveliest recollections of Dawlish. However, it is a pleasant and, as far as we could judge, a comfortably unfashionable place. The people at the inn were very civil, smiling even at an accident which D— caused. He was sitting in his bedroom window writing a letter, when by some caligraphic jerk he threw the looking-glass out with a tremendous crash. Curiously enough the glass was not broken, though it ought to have been shivered into a heap of fragments.

But to go back to Teignmouth. There are several

It was blowing freshly when D— and I wandered down the side of the South Devon Railway to the east of Teignmouth. The tide was high and the waves came steadily on, with solid store of heaped up water, which was whacked against the wall of stone with a swish which sent the sheet of foam flying high over our heads. But I should hardly call it foam, it was too wet and thick for that. How pleasant for the people who go to refresh themselves by the sea in such a place! They have the creeping tide of the river, with the mill race at its mouth, the vertical plunge upon the sounding shingle, and for—shall I say a mile or two? I hardly know, it was some long way—but say for a mile or so, a good strong wall, against which the big waves marched in full uniform, and burst themselves in rage, flinging their wet sheets of water high into the air. Then they back into the ocean with a lofty gait which often upsets some follower coming to challenge the sea wall, so that the retreating and the advancing wave flings up a grand ridge of surf which travels slowly out of sight around the distant headland. If I lodged or lived at Teignmouth I should never tire of that glorious siege of the railway wall by the sea. I could hardly tear myself away, though I got caught several times; but some intelligent experience with waves will soon enable you to perceive when

one is coming which is likely to fly over you in spray. When a high tide is at its roughest height, and the railway is being well splashed, it is curious to see a train come out of the tunnel and apparently run the gauntlet, close to the breaking waves, like a naughty boy.

I am now drawing near the end of my little record



BABBICOMBE BAY.

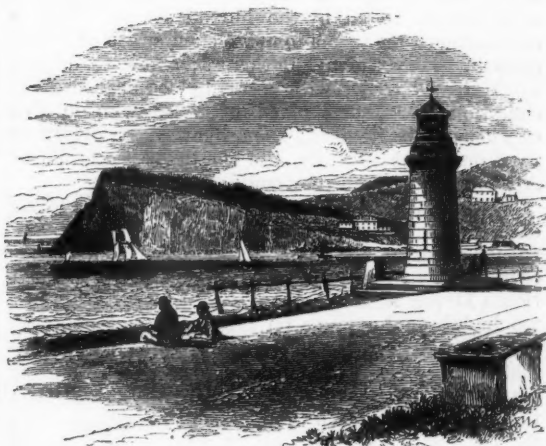
of our walk in South Devon. We threaded this division of the county in three directions, and I think we missed few of its most characteristic features. I must, however, except show houses. There are divers of these in South Devon which we distinctly refused to visit. Of course we were wrong, since there must always be much of local value preserved in a large hereditary house, to say nothing of the place itself, which gives a point to history. Visit scenes not so much to remember what you have read, as to furnish matter for recollection when you next read. Travelling gives more interest to study than study to travelling. There is frequently the sense of disappointment when you first set eyes on a scene which you have long pictured to yourself. This puts you out. You spend some time in adjusting the expectation to the reality. Whereas, in reading, when you come across a reference to any place which you have visited, the scene rises before you without effort, and gives fresh meaning to the words.

We ought certainly to have made a point of seeing some of the traditional houses in South Devon, for a house lives in the memory more strongly perhaps than its surroundings, unless the latter be very exceptional and marked. However, we got a fresh impression of this part of the country, and eminently bear witness to the impressive loneliness of Dartmoor. I suppose it is unique in England, for though there are widespread moors elsewhere, I doubt if they give us in such proportions so genuine a bit of the oldest British life. True, as I have said, you can't decipher the multitude of rock and stone memorials in Dartmoor, but the memorials are here.

The coast, too, is very varied and fine, to my mind much preferable to that of North Devon, inasmuch as you can almost everywhere *get at* the sea, and not merely see it from above. Indeed, if any one asked me to give him the best route, and I could recommend what I liked, I should say, walk from Lyme Regis to Plymouth, then go up the Tamar to Tavistock, and make your way back by the moor to Exeter. The presence of the coast rail renders a walk all the more enjoyable. It delivers you from the stream of tourists, since most choose the line, and yet gives you a quick lift when you want it.

Once I skirted the coast from Lyme Regis, stopping for some few days at Budleigh Salterton, between Sidmouth and Exmouth. This is one of those seaside villages that bring together green shrubs and pleasant shingle, where you may sit and rest. And my impression is, that of all places I ever visited, there is not one in which a crab can be put upon the table with more characteristic success. The Budleigh crabs are excellent. At least my friend's cook was, though I am not quite sure that he will thank me, if he should happen to light on these lines, for fixing on crabs as a chief mark of Budleigh, when he was full of local "lore," and put a vast amount of interesting information in my head, which is not all there now. But a crab, perfectly dressed, made additionally tempting with cunning processes and condiments, is a thing to be remembered; for you like it, and eat it, and being, of course, under any disguise, very unwholesome, it is worst when it is best.

Sidmouth and Exmouth afford, perhaps, more sea view, or, in the latter case, view of salt river, than the other South Devon watering-places. Sidmouth is hot, being much in shape like a Dutch oven, looking southwards. But there is grand store of shingle on which to repose. Indeed there is so much of it on the shore, and the shore is so steep, that low water does not leave so ugly a view as in many places, being little different to high water lower down. Sidmouth must be a dullish place, methinks, to live in, with its curtain of hills and the never-ceasing



TEIGNMOUTH.

murmur on its beach. I don't know, though, whether, if I wanted a long sound sleep, say for a fortnight, I would not go to bed there, especially in winter,

from the winds of which it is carefully protected. Sidmouth has much grown of late years, principally, no doubt, from being what I have called it, a place of mild, unruffled rest, well warmed, well screened, and not too accessible. Exmouth strikes me as a far more lively spot. Here you have a railway, and the working of a spirit of enterprise which led Exmouth, they say, first to tempt visitors by smarter lodgings than can be found in a fishing village, which it once was.

Now there is good store of bathing-machines and apartments, while for beach you have sand; and a more varied list than Sidmouth, Salterton, or Dawlish, out of which to choose excursions. The town looks very hard at the river; the houses all staring over one another's shoulders, as if they had flocked together from inland, and saw something very interesting on the opposite bank, or at least felt much concerned to see how Star Cross—a young rival watering-place on the other side—was getting on.

The excursions from Exmouth are manifold. You have, first, the country behind you—I speak of Exmouth as having its back towards the land—with Otterton, Budleigh, Sidmouth, etc., and the branch rail to Exeter, leading to where you please. Then there is the river, with its special sights, Powderham Castle, etc., with Topsham and other places of local note. Then there is the ferry across the river, where you can pick up the South Devon Railway, and go where it takes you. Thus nothing is easier than a day's trip to Teignmouth, whence Ansties Cove and Babbicombe Bay are easily visited.

Altogether, there is a speciality in these South Devon watering-places. I first made their acquaintance—let us see—somewhere about fifteen years ago; and I have visited many of the other visitors' towns on the coast of England. Somehow there is that about these which I do not find elsewhere. I say "somehow," as if the peculiarity of South Devon were mysterious. It is not that. It is plain enough. These southern towns and villages on the shore have the softest air in England. Possibly the barometer, thermometer, and all the other meters may say I am wrong. I refer to the meteorological condition as tested by the human senses. Here a soft southern air seems to nurse such as are of tender growth. Here the myrtle thrives; and here, depend upon it, will come, with growing cognisance of its condition, more and more of those who in this capricious climate have been tempted or driven to fly from home to Italy, the South of France, and Africa for air which they could breathe.

And now, reader, farewell. D—— and I found ourselves at the Exeter station after our outing, and rushed in swift safety to Paddington; whence being carried off in separate cabs separate ways, we felt South Devon melt like the daylight. That morning we had been lounging on the beach and enjoying our last native ration of Devonshire cream at breakfast, where the prawns were prodigious. Somehow we had got more closely associated with South Devon than a mere trip there would seem to warrant. We felt that, with its Dartmoor, it was peculiar among the English counties; and when we exchanged it for Middlesex, it was with a feeling that England, though so much like itself, had, perhaps, within easy contact by the same railroad, more varieties of local interest and sentiment than perhaps any other country in Europe.

If you have no more imperative claim, and are lucky enough to get a whole holiday for a while, you may do much worse than shoulder your knapsack, and, with a determination not to be cheated out of the simplicity of your intentions by any modern facility in travelling, take, like D—— and myself, a walk in South Devon. And wherever you walk, if you have so cheery and kindly a companion as I had, it will matter mighty little whether you go about with a persevering determination to see everything, or, like us, just see what we had a mind to see, stopping where we had a mind to stop, and not fearing or being ashamed to say that we do not like such and such a place, though all the guide-books in creation say in chorus that, by all rules of nature and art, we ought to like it immensely, and per-versely stopping to enjoy what we are peremptorily told to pass over. Let us be sure of this—that to enjoy a holiday it is dangerous to lay down a strict programme. Some people who try to escape from the daily wear of responsibility by leaving their homes for a tour, only substitute one set of worries for another when they fuss themselves with an effort (most commendable and foolish) to see everything the fat guide-book says there is to be seen.



THE BEACH, SIDMOUTH.

## ESSAYS ON TEXTS.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES.

ON MONEY LOVING.

"The love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness."—1 Tim. vi. 10, 11.

THE love of money, not money itself, is the root of all evil. You might call it the love of gain, of worldly success, as much as of money, which only stands for other things, is a mere symbol and instrument of commerce. The root of all evil spoken of in our text could exist in a country where there was no money, no currency. It is folly to transfer to money itself the stigma which belongs to covetousness; as



if money were an unclean thing, the possession of which was specially dangerous, and the earning of which was a questionable concession to mankind and only tolerated by the saints.

A man who does not exert himself to earn money is worse than a fool. Those whom we may read of in history, who lived in religious mendicancy, those who at any time affect to despise money on the score of their spiritual desires, are always more or less a curse to their country. They must live somehow, and if they don't live by working, by earning money, they must live on charity, or by begging, unless they chance to have some inherited property. Let us dismiss at once, as an idle, mischievous sentiment, never justified, that there is anything wrong, unchristian, or worldly, as opposed to spiritual, in desiring money as a means whereby to live, and desiring it so much as to work for it, to give much of the time in trying to get it. We must suppose that our Lord himself worked for money. Hewas a carpenter, and at least during one portion of his life had to live by the labour of his hands. So had his disciples. And even when he sent out apostles, and bid them take no money in their purse, he meant that they should look for money's worth at the hands of those whom they taught. No one, in short, can live without it, or without what it represents, whether he inherits it, or begs it, or toils for it. Money a man must have, and the desire for it is honest, although the means sometimes used to get it are dishonest.

But we can easily see that the apostle is right in what he says. The desire to possess money as a means of existence—this desire, which is universal, natural, and laudable, may be so exaggerated and perverted as to overpower a man's sense of right and wrong, and thus be the root of all evil to him. It may be abused as our common appetites are, which were planted in us by God for a good purpose; but are often followed so as to degrade and destroy a man. If these are used naturally and temperately, they receive God's blessing. If unnaturally or intemperately they bring a curse. *E.g.*, a man who eats and drinks in order to sustain his body and do his work does well. He eats and drinks in order to live. But there are some who live in order to eat and drink. The indulgence of their passions is the chief occupation of their existence, which is therefore under a curse. So with money. If a man sets himself to get it, and as much as possible of it, for its own sake, if he loves it, making its acquisition the chief hope and business of his life, his love breeds evil to his neighbour and himself.

Think for a moment of the chief evils, the most prominent, social, and national sores of our own country. We have heard much about political corruption, bribery, and the like. The love of money is at the root of it. We hear of financial distress, the failure of companies, banks, associations, bringing ruin into business and into families, crippling the merchant, beggaring the investor. The love of money again. We hear of petty frauds, false balances, unjust weights, miserable little stratagems to get an extra halfpenny in small purchases. We deplore this; we are aghast at the amount of this commonplace cheating which pollutes the daily trade of the nation. The love of money again. We think of bad work made to look like good, puffing advertisements, which carry the lie in their very face. The love of money again. Almost all that we complain of in our newspapers and in our conversation,

the dishonesty and trickery in matters large and small, from that of the contracting millionaire down to that of the pettiest jingler of halfpence over the counter, who cheats the child sent to buy the scanty meal of the poor man; whence does all this come, but from the love of money? Has it not pierced us through with divers sorrows? Nay, are there not signs that we are too ready to adopt and make use of this baser love of money as one of the recognised motives of mankind, even in the conduct of the nation itself? The love of money is so far, not only an accepted, but an acceptable fact in the motives which influence a people. It has laid a terribly close and strong hold upon us, and God only knows what mischief will follow from the wild speculation of large associations, and men who represent the capital of the country, from the trickery which exists in the small details of trade, from the petty economy so often shown in social and parochial rule, from the procedure of those who try to catch a criminal by getting some sinner to sink a step below his sinful self in his iniquity. All these things come from love of money; and are prevalent amongst us. We may talk of heresies, neglect of public worship, growth of superstition, and all the errors of faith deplored by religious people; but what errors of faith, what departures from true Christianity, can be worse than such things as I have mentioned, and which flow from the love of money? In them, as a nation, we have indeed erred from the faith, and pierced ourselves through with many sorrows.

Here the next remark by St. Paul helps us to see more fully the force of the first. He says that while some coveted after money they erred from the faith. For what is the faith? How can we realise to ourselves what should be done to root out this evil, this love of gain which has infected us so deeply?

"The love of money," says the apostle, "is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." And then he adds, "But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." Righteousness. Bear it well in mind. Righteousness is the only aim of the man of God, *i.e.*, what every man is properly, a child of a heavenly Father, set here to do his Father's will. We must work, we must earn money to live, but we live to do right. Righteousness, God's righteousness, done by us because it is his, and done by virtue of our relation to him, is the only true aim of man. In reference to money the apostle says we brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out, but we can carry out righteousness, because it belongs to heaven, and is most at home there. We get it from God, and we can take it back to him. Thus godliness or righteousness is great gain, for we can have it here, and it can never be taken away from us—we cannot be parted from it. In this sense it has the promise of the life which now is as well as of that which is to come. It is our right aim and may be our true possession here. It does not mean that godliness or righteousness has the promise of the life which now is in the sense of putting money into a man's pocket, but it is the proper pursuit of the man of God here in this world. It may be accompanied with what we call worldly blessings, it may not. It may go along with the filling of the basket and the store. It was so, to take an example from Scripture history, in the case

of Abraham. But we must not build on this; it may bring sorrow. In the highest example it brought a Calvary and a cross. Do not let us be moved by any under-thought that righteousness will pay in a worldly sense. If it is recognised by man, under some circumstances, it may increase a man's fortune, and actually seem to bring money into his house; but it may also be not recognised; it may bring trouble, it may necessitate a bitter sacrifice.

Let a man work honestly to get his living; nay, let him by fair means, by the use of his talents, by skill, industry, perseverance, raise himself and his family in the world. There is honourable success; but let the one thing before him, which he never loses sight of, which he keeps pure and clear before his eyes, be righteousness. Let him pursue the sense of being fair and honest in his work, just towards his neighbour, jealous of his word, and then he has the great gain which is put before the Christian, before the man of God. Not the gain of getting something hereafter because he is righteous now; not so, but the gain of being in such wise godly; the gain of strong relationship to God, the gain of a good conscience, which no money in the world can buy, though it has been parted with for money. For remember, if a man sells his conscience to another, the other does not get it. It is spoiled, and becomes a perquisite of the devil, of use to him only to show what he might have been if he had not been seduced by the love of money. It becomes an instrument of torture instead of a means of blessing and happiness.

Let me now remind you why righteousness itself, and not mere money, or the worldly good which sometimes accompanies righteousness, should be the thing which, in the words of the apostle, the man of God should follow after; because Christ followed after it—Christ the Son of God, the Son of Man. His was the true life, and all that he did and said was with an eye to righteousness, than which there is no higher thing.

We are Christians. As Christians we have many things to do in the world. We have not only to pray, and think about religion, but to work. And our work must never be separated from our calling and profession as Christians. Jesus was none the less good and holy because he worked for Joseph when he was a boy, and for his family, his mother, his sisters, and himself when he was a man. Do we suppose he lost sight of righteousness when he was engaged in worldly duties? Worldly duties, and worldly duties which bring money to buy food, clothes, shelter, may be done in the most Christ-like spirit. And they are so far done in a Christ-like spirit when they are done well.

If you have any work to do, do it right—as right as you can. Don't think merely how much money can be got by it, how far you may get it to pass the eye of a master, or the hasty glance of a customer, but do it as before God. Earn money, but follow after righteousness in earning it. Love that, love righteousness; be jealous of that as the chief thing. Don't give way to the temptation to neglect that which you don't think will be noticed. Trust your master, trust your servant, your brother, your parent, your child, as if you felt that what you did was done in the sight of God. It is done in his sight, and can be done only in his Spirit. But notice this. Don't let it be in your mind as a mere religious sentence, a mere spiritual truism, which you may overlook be-

cause many neglect it; but realise it as the central motive of your life. It is the thing which will apportion your heaven or your hell. By it you are and will be judged. By it will be decided whether you live as a child of God, or a slave of the devil. Follow righteousness. That is the only thing you have a right to follow as a Christian, as a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

## TWO MONTHS IN PALESTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN."

I.

HAVING lately returned from a three months' tour in the East, two months of which were spent in Palestine, I indulge a hope that the result of my experience may be interesting to the readers of the "Leisure Hour," and useful to those who may contemplate taking this journey. I may say at once that I have no intention of exhausting their patience with lengthened descriptions or reflections. Those who wish to become better acquainted with the history, ancient and modern, of the Holy Land, will find, in volumes more than I can enumerate, all the information they can desire. My sole aim in these papers is to give a practical detail of the journey, touching slightly on the present state of those sacred places with which our earliest and best associations are interwoven, and pointing out to future travellers, whose time and means may be limited to a rapid journey, the result of my own experience, with such suggestions as may have occurred to me in my pilgrimage.

There are several routes to "the East." There is the old and well-known track by Marseilles and Malta, which we will dismiss at once, as all travellers are familiar with it, and all old Indians tired of it. The next is the journey through Italy, and from Brindisi to Alexandria. The next two routes are through North and South Germany, the former by the way of Cologne, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, through Bohemia to Vienna, and on by rail to Trieste, for the Austrian Lloyd's steamer. Being already familiar with these three routes, I took new ground by the way of Constantinople, and for the information of the reader will slightly sketch the journey from my starting-point.

I may first premise that my luggage consisted of a convenient sized portmanteau, weighing, with contents, about fifty pounds. On a journey of this kind it is neither desirable nor necessary to take a large wardrobe. I had three flannel shirts and a small assortment of linen and warm under-clothing; and, strapped together, a large Scotch plaid and great coat, a pair of long boots to come over the knees, and a sheet of india-rubber cloth and umbrella completed my luggage. Any mistakes into which I fell with respect to this outfit I shall point out in the progress of my journey.

I would not recommend the traveller to burden himself with too many books. I had several volumes with me that I had scarcely time to look at. Murray's two volumes on "Syria and Palestine" are better adapted for the literary man than for the tourist, going into too long and elaborate details. The proper English guide-book for Palestine has yet to be written. "They manage these things better in

France." I found ten persons out of twelve that I travelled with armed with a small but sufficient French guide-book. It may be superficial, but contains in one volume all the information that is necessary on a rapid journey. Murray divides his volumes into "South and North Palestine," the index in the second volume, so that we cannot make reference to the first without having the second at hand. If any extra volume is taken, perhaps Dr. Thomson's "Land and the Book" is as good as any. I conclude that every pilgrim travels with his Bible, which, apart from higher obligations, is the one essential guide to the Holy Land.

With regard to the expenses, I may say at once that no experience of European travelling is any guide to the calls on the pocket in Palestine. One will be safe to calculate the expense of the journey at £2 a day, or say £180 for three months. I had circular notes to that amount from the Union Bank of London, and only brought back £20, with the most economical management.

I had an old passport with me, and was only twice called upon during my journey to produce it. The first time was at Rustchuk, on the Danube, where the Greek *employé* kept it for a few minutes, and brought it back without any *visé*, but with a demand for four piasters, of which I took no notice. The next call was on landing at Jaffa; but this was a mere claim for "backsheesh," and I gave the needy supplicant two piasters to get rid of his importunity.

I started from London on the evening of the 8th of October, with a through ticket, by mixed train, for Munich, costing £5 11s. This entitled me to first-class as far as Cologne, and from thence second-class. Most travellers will prefer the latter, as the carriages are the same, and one has a chance of more intelligent, or at least more communicative, companions. I arrived at Brussels at 7 A.M., and at Cologne at 4 P.M., where we remained two hours, allowing time for dinner and to visit our interminable old friend, the Cathedral, which is "to be finished in eight years" from any given time. I took the next train for Coblenz, where I remained for the night, and next day had an opportunity of seeing the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Rhine.

At Mayence we crossed the river, and on to Darmstadt and Aschaffenburg. Here we entered Bavaria, and proceeded along the valley of the Main. This is amongst the finest railway journeys in Europe. The beautiful hills rise on each side of the valley, clothed with pine, birch, and oak, now in rich autumn tints. The broad, clear stream, winding through forests and green meadows, reminded me of the scenery in the valley of the Tay from Dunkeld to Taymouth. At Wurzburg we changed carriages for Munich, the direct train going on to Ratibon and Passau for Vienna, and the Munich line striking south by Augsburg. At 10 P.M. the second day we arrived at Munich, where I remained two days to see the rich treasures of art of which the city boasts. I left at 7 A.M. for Vienna, thirteen hours by railway, passing Salzburg and Lintz. I had a strong hankering to remain a day at Salzburg. The peep of it from the station made a vivid impression on my mind, which was afterwards confirmed by reading the late Sir David Wilkie's faithful description of the situation:—"It is Edinburgh Castle and the Old Town brought within the cliffs of the Trossachs, and watered by the river Tay." After

a delightful day's journey, I arrived at Vienna at 10 P.M., where I remained three days, renewing my acquaintance with this ever-attractive capital, and enjoying the comfort and the unrivalled *cuisine* of the "Hotel Archduke Charles."

On the 16th of October I started for Pesth, by railway, a journey of eight hours. No one in search of the picturesque need take this journey. Nothing can be more flat and tame than the country; but the wide plains of rich and fertile land would gladden the heart of a Midlothian or Ayrshire farmer. One cannot help observing great indolence and neglect of cultivation. The scenery improves as we approach Pesth. The spurs of the Southern Alps close round the Danube, and are richly clothed with vines, and wooded to their summit.

I had the good fortune to have an introduction to the Rev. Mr. König, of the Jewish Mission, from whom I received great attention and much information. There are about two million Protestants in Hungary, but they do not appear to be increasing. There seems to have been a long epoch of sceptical indifference amongst the people in matters of religion, which has been only within the last few years broken by missionary influence, commencing at the time when Dr. Keith and others visited Hungary and the East as a deputation from the Church of Scotland.

One cannot help noticing a strong tinge of Orientalism in the people, and inclination to indolence, particularly among the peasantry. The most active and industrious men in Pesth and Buda seem to be the Germans.

I may mention here that the Protestant Mission Schools are not confined to any particular sect, but number about 400 children of various religions, and all read the Old and New Testament without any scruples, and the knowledge thus acquired must in time produce its fruits.

During my stay at Pesth I called on my old friend General Klapka, whom I knew in London in the days of his exile. I was introduced by him to the Diet, or house of assembly. The discussions were very free and very animated, a sort of compound between the British Parliament and American Congress. The comforts and convenience of the House are very much superior to our Houses of Parliament, notwithstanding the millions we have paid for architecture and decoration. The two cities of Pesth and Buda are connected by a magnificent suspension bridge, constructed by an Englishman. The old palace on the heights of Buda, over the Danube and city, is grand and imposing.\* The situation is admirably adapted for trade. Since the reconciliation with Austria the inhabitants have increased 30,000, and mills and manufactories are springing up all along the banks of the river.

I left Pesth at 10 P.M. on the 20th, by railway, paying £10 for rail and boat to Constantinople, and arrived at Baziasch, on the Danube, at 10 A.M. next morning. The boat which should have been awaiting us did not arrive, in consequence of the low state of the river, till 5 P.M., when we went on board and dined, and lay to during the night. Before daylight we were transferred to a smaller boat, and proceeded as far as Rahova, where we all disembarked, and were

\* A view of the Palace and Bridge appeared in "The Leisure Hour" for February, 1862. In the "Sunday at Home" for November and December, 1866, appeared a narrative of ten years' missionary work in Hungary, by the Rev. Robert Smith, of the Free Church of Scotland; and in April, 1867, a narrative of the origin of the Pesth Mission, by the Rev. Dr. Keith, with memoir and portrait of the good Maria Dorothea, Archduchess Palatine of Hungary.—Ed. L. H.



conveyed in some rickety old traps for a little distance below the falls of the river and the old island fort, where we joined a larger boat which took us on to Rustchuk. Here we landed and slept for the night, as the train did not leave for Varna till the following morning. We left by train at 7 A.M., and were delighted with our journey through Bulgaria to Varna. The scenery is fine, but it is painful to observe the miserable and ragged state of the peasantry, and their apparent degradation. Reaching Varna at 5 P.M., we embarked at once on a large and comfortable boat on the Black Sea. It was a calm and beautiful moonlight night, and we were able to walk the decks to a late hour. A little after sunrise next morning we entered the far-famed Bosphorus. As we approach the city the scene is beyond all description. The Seraglio Point, the Golden Horn, Galata, and Pera rising over the hill to the right, and to the left Scutari, with Florence Nightingale's hospital, and the sad memorial of the ten thousand brave men, the victims of war and disease, whose bodies now lie mouldering on the heights that overlook the Sea of Marmora, all these are familiar to most of us; but no pen nor pencil can do justice to the scenes. Yet nothing can be more deplorable than the interior of this beautiful picture. And every day we remain among these scenes of dirt and neglect, only adds to grief at the thought of such a site being in the hands of a people and a government without vitality, and without a single element of progress.

The occupation of my week's stay may be briefly referred to for the guidance of tourists whose time may be limited. The first excursion should be a sail across to Scutari, looking in on the "Howling Dervishes," and passing on to the great barracks, once the British hospital, immortalised by the noble labours of Florence Nightingale and her companions. A little beyond this is the English burial-ground, to which we are guided by the prominent, and what is called "ugly memorial," by the late Baron Marochetti. Here is an hour of deep and sorrowful contemplation among the graves and mementoes of the dead. One day will suffice for old Stamboul. The Seraglio, so well known through poets and painters, was burned down in 1866, and all that portion that skirted the sea is being cleared away. From the gardens of the old palace the hill rises in gentle undulations, and crowning one of these heights is the celebrated mosque of St. Sophia, the earliest and best specimen we have of Byzantine architecture; but, like all things Turkish, whether religious or secular, showing marks of neglect and decay. We had a special order to visit this mosque, which, with guide, cost us ten francs each. There is little left of the rich and beautiful details of the Church of Justinian, the description of which now reads like a romance, except it may be those ancient columns of marble, porphyry, and granite, brought from Ephesus, Baalbec, and other early Greek temples.

A glance at the accompanying drawing (on page 496), from a photograph, will serve better than any description to show the style of the building.

The Mosque of Ahmediah is another fine specimen of architecture, and is cleaner and better kept than St. Sophia, and perhaps more attractive to the superficial observer, being a happy combination of the Greek and Saracenic styles, and very imposing in its appearance. I may just refer to one other mosque, which should not be overlooked, viz., that of Sulei-

man, on a wing of which is the splendid tomb of Sultan Soliman. Among the objects of great interest in this neighbourhood are the remains of the Roman aqueduct and great cistern of "a thousand columns." The arched roof of this great area is supported by nearly 300 columns, of fifty to sixty feet from their base, and form a complete labyrinth of passages, which are now occupied by silk-winders and rope-spinners. The bazaars are objects of great attraction to those who have never seen any Oriental city, and are perhaps as good specimens of indolence, dirt, and confusion, as can be seen anywhere from Constantinople to Cabul. On our second visit to the old city we ascended the Venetian, or what is called the "Genoese" tower, which stands on one of the "seven hills," and whence there is a panoramic view unequalled in the world. From this tower we rode out by what is called the "seven towers," and the old wall of Theodosius, and round to the upper end of the Golden Horn, where we dismissed our ponies, and sailed down the Horn, passing the arsenal and small fleet of ironclads, on which the Sultan has lavished borrowed money, to very little purpose.

Nothing can be more delightful than sailing along these waters; and as it was my privilege to have introductions to our missionaries residing on the borders of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, some of the pleasantest days of my sojourn were spent in visiting their schools, and in their society. This is scarcely the place to speak of the labours and Christian devotion of these good men and women. I shall have occasion more than once to refer to our Protestant missions in the East, and I can never do so but with feelings of gratitude and of admiration, not only for their Christian teaching, but for their civilising example to the nominal Christians and the heathen around them. I have often felt pained and surprised to hear some of our countrymen attempting to throw ridicule on these efforts to spread the light of the gospel and a better education among the heathen, and questioning the influence of these missions. I only wish that these sceptics could see the devoted and self-denying lives of these men, and then, perhaps, their charity would not "begin (and end) at home." There is no city in the world in which there is such scope and necessity for Protestant missionary labour as in this capital of the Turkish empire. Such a variety of religions and nationalities in antagonism, rivalling each other in ignorance and superstition, and with some of these so-called Christians even the Turk, bad as he is, may be favourably contrasted.

Before quitting Constantinople, I may mention that the traveller will find it a very expensive place. The three or four hotels in Pera charge from sixteen to twenty francs a day, exclusive of wine. That of Missiri's, "Hotel Angleterre," where I took up my quarters, is as good as any. The landlord, who was dragoman, and travelled with the author of "Eothen," is a very useful and intelligent man, and Mrs. Missiri, who is an Englishwoman, understands and attends carefully to the comforts of her English guests. The expenses for guides, horses, boats, and backsheesh of all kinds will not be short of sixteen francs more, so that, if one moves about daily, a week's expense will not be much short of £12.

On arranging to proceed on my journey, I found that the Austrian Lloyd's, French, and Russian boats all sailed for Alexandria, calling only at Smyrna, and the following week calling at Joppa and other

Syrian ports. I had, therefore, no alternative but to wait another week at Constantinople, or proceed as far as Smyrna, and remain there till the boats of the following week passed on their voyage to Beyrout and Jaffa.

On the 30th October we embarked on the Austrian Lloyd's steamer for Smyrna, and sailed at 4 P.M. The weather was delightful, and as we moved slowly round the Seraglio Point into the Sea of Marmora the scene was magnificent. The setting sun was bathing in golden tints the domes and minarets of the city, and the surrounding hills, and all would have been like a fairy landscape but for the crowd and confusion on board. There were upwards of 200 deck passengers, consisting of Turks, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, most of the former on their pilgrimage to Mecca, a motley, noisy, quarrelsome group. There were great complaints among the first-class passengers, who had paid a very high rate for the comforts of the quarter-deck, and found they had not a foot of space to walk upon. Half the poop deck was railed off for the women, and the remainder, as well as the quarter-deck, was covered with mats, mattresses, and quilts, about which the men were quarrelling and coming to blows. The fire from matches, pipes, and cheroots, was flying about in all directions, enough to create alarm in timid minds; but those whose duty it was to attend to these matters seemed to take things very coolly. The Turks were about the best behaved of the lot, and if I had not been somewhat accustomed to Oriental life and habits, I would have expected nothing short of mutiny and bloodshed. By 10 P.M. we had all shaken down pretty comfortably into our places. I found I had my berth in a cabin with the Bishop of Gibraltar. I had witnessed his consecration of the "Memorial" Church at Constantinople, and had attended the service conducted by him on the first Sunday after, and though it was a little too ritualistic for my taste, I had no reason to complain of his social intercourse, and found his lordship a most courteous and pleasant cabin companion.

Soon after daylight the following morning we entered the Dardanelles, having previously stopped two hours at Gallipoli, which will always be associated with the names of those gallant men who fell victims to that short but sad episode in our history, the Crimean war. Soon after entering the straits between the castles and batteries lying on each side, we anchored at Abydos. We talked over the romantic feat of Leander. About noon we passed the mouth of the river Meander, and discussed the supposed site of ancient Troy, the very existence of which, it seems, is denied in these sceptical days. At dusk we anchored off Mitylene, a city interesting to the Christian, being identified with St. Paul and the other apostles. The town, rising up from the bay, and the hills around it, a bright moon lighting up their summits, reminded me of Rothesay; but in no other respect does it resemble this quiet and eminently Christian town, for even our Greek and Turkish passengers pronounced it to be "the most unsafe and wicked place in all Asia Minor." Early next day we arrived at Smyrna. There are two good hotels here, viz., the Deux Augustes, and the Hotel de l'Europe. These rival hotels were each anxious to catch a bishop, and as I had a long white beard, which the good bishop had not, and was dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed felt hat,

turned up at the sides, the touters that came on shore with me made sure that they had secured the sacred treasure, and left the worthy bishop behind to be conveyed to the Hotel de l'Europe. I was ushered into my apartments with great ceremony, and I soon after descended to lunch; there were several gentlemen at the table, who rose and received me with marked respect. A little conversation soon dispelled the illusion, which was followed by a roar of laughter at the disappointment of the Deux Augustes. The Egyptian boat left for the Syrian coast the morning I arrived, and I was very much disappointed at having to remain here for a week, but can now look back with great pleasure to the social intercourse and information, and small excursions, which I enjoyed during that time. Some of the gentlemen at the hotel were connected with the railway from Smyrna to Aidin, and were well acquainted with this district. They spoke with enthusiasm of the vast resources of the country, both vegetable and mineral, which, under any other government but that of Turkey, would be one of the richest in the world. It was here that I first heard the phrase, or rather the curse against an enemy, "May Allah send you Sheikhs;" and no one can understand the force of this bitter infliction till they have travelled in the East, and seen and heard of the corruption and injustice of these greedy and selfish men.

There are few objects now of sacred or classical interest in Smyrna, but the biblical reader will remember that here was planted one of the "seven churches of Asia" (Rev. ii. 8). The old castle is called Genoese, but from the Cyclopean character of some parts of the ruins must be of a much earlier date. It stands at an elevation of 500 feet, overlooking the bay and city and surrounding country, and is the best point to obtain a good view of the place. We were provided with donkeys for the ascent, and had no fatigue, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the scenery around.

I had brought introductions from Constantinople to some of the missionaries here, to whom, as usual, I was indebted for information and hospitality. Among the most noteworthy of the schools is that of the Deaconesses, conducted by Protestant ladies from North Germany, assisted by tutors, teachers, and governesses of other nations. I have never seen in Europe a better conducted establishment, and one can scarcely realise the fact of such an oasis of progress and education in the midst of this desert of ignorance and superstition. Everything about it, from the white muslin caps of the sisters to the school-rooms and dormitories of the children, looked clean and healthy. Within the marble-paved corridors was a well-cultivated garden, with orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, with oleanders and other flowering shrubs from tropical and temperate zones. The children were of all nations and religions, Jews, Arabs, Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, and the range of education is something that would startle the pretensions of some of our genteel boarding-schools. The Old and New Testaments are class-books; the children are also taught to sing in concert those soft and plaintive German hymns, which one cannot listen to without moisture in the eyes. This institution is now self-sustaining, and has about 200 pupils, from all grades of society; and about forty children in their Orphanage, educated as Protestants.

I cannot say much about the position and progress of the American, English, and Scottish mission schools

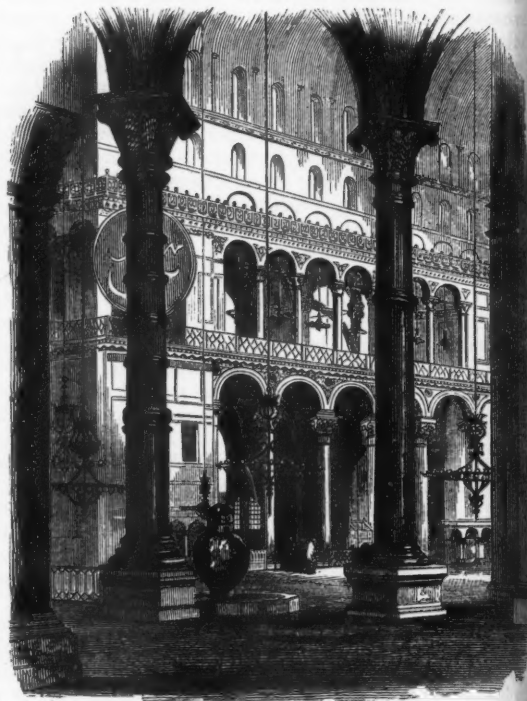
here. It had been a very unhealthy and unfavourable season, which was assigned me as the reason for the paucity of attendance at their schools. The Scriptures are read also in these schools, which is very properly a *sine qua non* with our missionaries, to which the parents make no objection. In fact, I may affirm, as the result of my observation in many countries, that hindrances to the use of the Bible in education come not from the natives, but from enemies of the truth at home. I have known this in India and elsewhere.

The advantages of a superior education overcome the scruples of parents, if they have any, and they hope to counteract the effects of this religious teaching by the influence of home and family ties.

There is no place in Asia Minor more attractive to the Christian pilgrim than Ephesus. Through the kindness of Mr. Cumberbatch, British consul, I got an introduction to Mr. Wood, who is now engaged, for the British Museum, in excavations among the ruins of this city. We made arrangements to start at 4 A.M. by a "goods train," in the guard's van, and in three hours arrived at Ayaslook, the station of Ephesus. My companion tells me that the two names mean the same thing, viz., "the city of the moon." We had six or seven hours before us to ramble over the ruins: The weather was superb, with a clear sky and gentle cooling breeze. The ancient city is hidden from the station by the abrupt hill on which it partly stands. We found horses on hire at the station, and no goat could have climbed up and along the face of these hills, and amongst the *débris* of ruins, with more safety than these animals, and but for the example of our guide, who seemed to have no value for his neck, I should often have been inclined to dismount, and lead my pony over the ruins and along the terraced vaults in the face of the hill.

On wandering among these ruins our thoughts turn naturally to the "Acts of the Apostles." The conduct of Demetrius and his craftsmen is so graphically told that one might think it had happened in any city within our own time where corporate and "vested interests" were at stake. I must not occupy the reader too long with details, and shall only glance at the present condition of this ancient Greek and early Christian city. Proceeding from the railway-station, at less than a mile distant, we rounded the spur of a hill called "Mount Pion," and the first object that attracts attention is the ruins of the Magnesian gate, near to which Mr. Wood has discovered a long colonnade leading to a succession of tombs and sarcophagi, and amongst them the supposed tomb of St. Mark. By this passage he hopes to arrive at the long disputed site of the great temple of Diana. Proceeding onward, we come to the lately excavated ruins of the Odeon, a small theatre constructed during the best period of Greek art. And further on, rising over the slope of the hill, and overlooking all other objects, are the ruins of the great theatre. Nothing but the continued destruction of earthquakes could have committed such havoc as we see here; no time or human hands could have so shattered and scattered this magnificent edifice. The semicircle, or place of audience, which was said to contain 60,000 people, is cut in the face of the hill, and rises to the height of 80 feet, the outline of which is still very distinct, and the rows of marble seats, now covered with weeds and rubbish, can easily be

traced. Looking down from this height on the proscenium, I took the opportunity of reading the 19th chapter of "The Acts," and could see, in my mind's eye, these 60,000 riotous citizens, crowding these benches, hoarse with the cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." Considerable excavations have been made round the great proscenium, exhibiting blocks of fine white marble of fifteen to twenty tons weight, their faces carved with festoons and figures, as sharp and beautiful as when they came from the hands of the artists. The same may be said of the other great ruins, the Market, Forum, Gymnasium, Stadium. There is



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

nothing in Roman architecture to be compared to it in magnitude and beauty. It would almost break the heart of an enthusiastic artist to see the broken limbs of statues, and pieces of exquisitely-carved Corinthian capitals, trampled under his horse's feet, or lying embedded in sand and weeds. I was favoured with a sight of Mr. Wood's sketches and diagrams, and was guided by him to some of his late discoveries. I shall not make reference to these just now, as I believe that he is preparing his works for early publication, when the public will be made acquainted with these important explorations. Returning to the station we visited the old Byzantine castle, the "great mosque," or St. John's Church, as it is called, and there can be no doubt, from the form and architecture, that it was an early Christian church. The railway passes under the old Roman aqueduct, of which a great many of the lofty arches are still standing. We got the return train at 4 P.M., and were back in Smyrna at 7 P.M., thence to start for Syria,—"*partant pour la Syrie!*"



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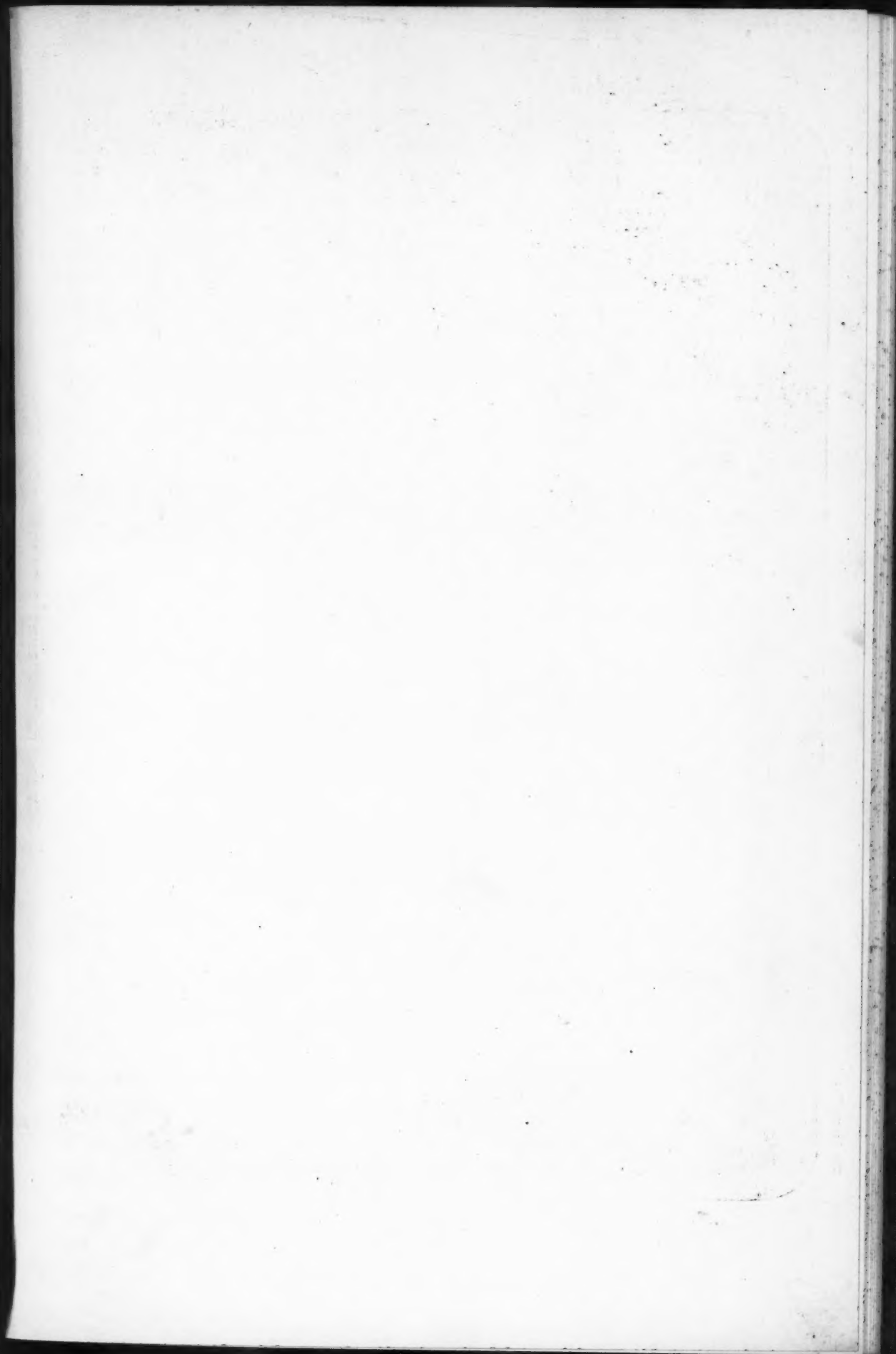
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